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HANSU'S JOURNEY

A Korean Story

By
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Hansu's Journey

A Korean Story

By
N. H. OSIA
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PHEU

HANSU'S JOURNEY

BY N. H. OSIA

CHAPTER I.

This is the true story of Hansu Park, only son of Gilmin Park, a well-to-do farmer of Juckpo, a province of northwestern Korea. Sitting by the south window, newly covered with transparent paper, he was poring over a large volume of Confucian classics on moral philosophy. He had just celebrated his eighteenth birthday and in a few months would have to go to Seoul, the Mecca of all Korean literati, to pass an examination for entrance to the government high school. His father was an ambitious man and desired his son to become a scholar rather than follow the toilsome work of the farm. With that in view Gilmin saved and scraped together his meagre earnings and devoted them entirely to the education of his only son, for whose natural intellect he secretly entertained a profound admiration.

Hansu was the best looking boy in the village. At least that was the private opinion of his parents. He was nearly a head taller than most of his boy friends and the high forehead and clean-cut oval face denoted intellectuality. The most noticeable features of his physiognomy were his liquid brown eyes, larger and deeper set than those of the average Korean. They gave him an expression of kindness and sympathy, but whenever he was stirred by emotion or interest his eyes shone with a glow akin to warm light. His blue black hair was closely cropped and his habiliment was a mixture of European and Oriental fashions. The blue cotton shirt beneath the black sack coat of ancient vintage indicated the invasion of the

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Western mode of dress into that far-off Korean village, and his baggy trousers and white Korean stockings covering the lower half of his body clearly reminded one that he was still a son of the ancient regime.

The creak of the door leading to the hall caused Hansu to turn his head and he saw his toil-worn father just returning from the fields. He immediately arose from his seat and bowed to his father, having been trained from childhood in the rigid ethics of filial piety.

"Father, I hope you are not tired after such arduous work all the morning," Hansu remarked.

"Yes, my son, I am fatigued and the cold damp air seems to have aggravated my rheumatic pains in the shoulders," Gilman answered with a sigh.

"Father, I desire you to stay home this afternoon and nurse your rheumatism. I will go to the field and finish the work you were obliged to leave undone," the boy replied.

"No, my son. It is my wish that you devote your entire time to your studies from now until your departure for Seoul. I will be better satisfied with the thought that you are making proper preparation for the coming examinations than if you waste valuable time doing farm work. I have promised you, your mother and myself that I am going to give you every opportunity to pursue your studies and I am going to keep that promise. Even the pain in my shoulders cannot make me break it."

"I have already read through fifty pages of this book during this morning and finished the review of arithmetic last evening. It will not hamper my plans even if I do spend the afternoon in the field," the boy answered.

"Farming is my work and studying is yours. I will not let you do my work at the sacrifice of your own. I command you to carry out your plan and I will mine."

With this last stern admonition the old man retreated to his own room on the other side of the house.

Hansu sat there with a mingled sense of regret and gratitude for his father's obstinacy and unselfishness. Finally he said to himself: "I must carry out my part of the bargain, as that will, in a measure, compensate my father's sacrifices. When I become rich and famous I will make his and mother's life more happy."

The time for the trip to Seoul soon arrived and Hansu packed his scanty belongings. After an affectionate adieu to his parents he walked to the railroad station, nearly fifteen miles away. He was sorry to leave the home where he had lived all his life, and his affection for his parents was imbedded deeply in his heart. His eyes became moist at the vision of the two bent figures standing by the rough pine gate, waving their work-hardened hands to him until he turned the bend in the road. He raised his eyes to heaven and murmured a prayer to some unknown deity that he would be successful in his quest for fame and fortune for the sake of his parents.

When he arrived at the station he was hot and dusty and his feet were sore from tramping over the rough country roads. He entered and purchased a ticket as far as Penyan, the capital of the province, where he intended to visit a few boy friends who were studying in one of the Christian schools managed by American missionaries. The Japanese employee in the station spoke crossly to him in a tongue he did not understand. He answered that he did not know the Japanese language. Thereupon the Japanese struck him in the face and spoke rudely in a most aggressive manner. Hansu had heard that the Japanese were an outlandish people and that they were fond of fighting the Koreans, but he never thought they would strike a person for not under-

standing their language. There was no other reason he could assign for this unexpected and uncalled-for outrage.

For a moment he forgot all the warnings his parents gave him before leaving home not to have anything to do with the Japanese and, above all, never to quarrel with them. He quickly and almost automatically struck back, hitting the Japanese full in the face. The force of the blow knocked the Jap down, whereupon Hansu, indignant at the treatment he had received, kicked the astonished and prostrate alien in a manner unmistakable. A swarm of Japanese police immediately attacked him, and the last thing he could recall afterward was that one small black-mustached Japanese hit his head with a sword while he was lying on the platform semi-conscious.

About two days later, when he recovered his senses, he found himself lying on the floor of a small, dingy cell of the local police station. His clothes were soaked in blood. He slowly picked himself up and tried to open the door, but it was locked. He attempted to scream, but had no strength to make a sound. Desperately he knocked repeatedly at the door. Finally the Japanese keeper appeared and opened it. With much difficulty Hansu made known his urgent desire for water, which the keeper grudgingly brought him, together with some coarse food.

The next day he was taken before the Japanese judge for trial. The proceedings are worthy of mention because they are a judicial joke. Without a question, without a plea, the judge handed down the decision in the following words:

"The accused is a Korean, therefore he should understand the language of the Imperial Japanese Empire. He does not, or at least appears not to understand. The evidence of this was adduced by the fact that when the railroad employees

asked him a question he failed to reply in the proper language and form. This proves that he did not understand the language which he ought to know. If, however, he did understand, but pretended that he did not, then he is guilty of deception. Further, he audaciously struck the railroad employee and caused bodily injury to a servant of the State. That means an offense to the Imperial Government, and there is ample provision in the criminal code for such a crime; therefore it is incumbent upon me to pronounce sentence upon the accused, Hansu Park, according to the law. He is hereby sentenced to ninety blows by flogging and one month's imprisonment with hard labor."

On the first day Hansu was administered thirty blows with a bamboo cudgel, six feet in length and about five inches in width, tightly wrapped around with a hempen cord. The Japanese executioner could deliver only ten blows at a time, for his driving power was nearly exhausted when the tenth blow was struck on the bare flesh of the victim's back. Another executioner then relieved him and administered ten more, while the remaining ten were delivered by a third man. After the first ten blows the skin broke; then the sharp edges of the cudgel cut into the flesh, and finally bits of muscle and skin flew about the scene of torture. He could not move, for his hands and legs were securely tied to a heavy plank, upon which he lay motionless and apparently unconscious. He was dragged into a filthy narrow cell, which had no windows and no adequate means of ventilation. The keeper sprinkled some cold water on his face, which in a few moments revived him. He could not lie any other way than on his stomach and the pain and nausea which followed the flogging were more than he could endure. He groaned and mumbled supplications that his agony be ended.

CHAPTER II.

The horrors of the night in that cell were an experience which Hansu will never forget. The restorative power of nature was even greater than the destruction wrought upon him by fiendish hands. Towards dawn he slept some and felt a trifle better. The streaks of gray light penetrating into the cell through the iron bars awakened him from his stupor-like slumber. He tried to turn on his back, but could not, for the touch of the bare floor against the lacerated flesh caused him excruciating pain, and he had to remain lying on his stomach, with his face buried in his hands.

Then, while the moments seemed most hopeless, he heard some one singing in the cell across the passageway. He raised his head and listened to the words sung in a clear baritone:

“What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear.
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.”

Hansu's eyes grew misty; tenderness and sadness gripped his heart. A few minutes before hatred for the railroad employee, the judge and the keeper of the jail was surging through his brain, but now he was experiencing an entirely different sensation. He did not know the reason for this sudden change in himself, but vaguely attributed it to the singing across the way. He had heard of the religion of Jesus and he knew

some friends who had joined this sect, but had never had the opportunity to inquire about it. In some unaccountable manner he had been soothed and comforted by the voice, and wondered for a while whether he, too, could have a friend in Jesus.

The singing had ceased, but he now heard the same voice talking. He could not catch all that was said, but by turning his head toward the door could distinguish some of the words:

"Oh, God, I am weak and helpless, but my heart is strengthened by Thy care and love—Have pity upon those ignorant, sinful men—Comfort the sick and distressed—their hearts may open to Thee." The words became more indistinct, but he heard heartrending sobs mingled with an incoherent murmuring: "In Jesus' Name, Amen."

Hansu was very much moved and, without realizing, he, too, cried out in loud voice: "Jesus, save me, too!"

It was too early for the keeper to make his appearance and the passageway was still perfectly quiet. Hansu heard the inmate of the cell across the way call out: "Who are you and why are you there?"

Hansu was afraid to reply at first, but he knew the voice to be that of the singer, and this gave him confidence that it would be safe to answer.

"I am Hansu Park, of Juckpo. I was beaten, arrested and flogged because I did not understand what the Japanese said to me. Who are you, and for what offense are you imprisoned?"

"I am the pastor of the Sunju Presbyterian Church. My name is Sangsul Kimm. I was arrested two weeks ago because I preached in my church that Jesus died to free mankind. Do you believe in Jesus?"

"No, I have not been able to learn much about Him, although I have heard that His religion is

being taught in some places in Korea," answered Hansu.

"I heard you cry out a few minutes ago, 'Jesus, save me, too.' If you do not believe in Him, why did you say that?" asked Kimm.

"I do not know why I said it. I heard you singing and talking and I was deeply stirred. When I heard you asking something in Jesus' Name, I also involuntarily asked Him to save me from further agony. It was the impulse of the moment, and I hope I did not commit any offense."

"No, it was not an offense to ask Him to save you; on the contrary, He wants every one to ask God for salvation in His Name. However, no prayer will be answered unless you have faith in its efficacy and, further, you must believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of mankind."

"How can I believe these things when I have no proof?" asked the boy.

"Proof! The Holy Bible is the proof. Haven't you read the Bible?"

"No, I never saw the Bible, much less read it."

Then, said Sangsul Kimm, "I will see that you get a copy of it. It is about the time the Japanese keeper comes around, so we had better not talk so loudly. You can talk to me after twelve o'clock at night and before six o'clock in the morning."

About five minutes later the keeper came to the cell and pushed some cooked millet balls and a can of water through the cell doors. He examined the lock to see if it was secure and then walked to the other cells along the corridor.

Hansu was somewhat refreshed after eating the coarse, frugal breakfast and drinking the cold water, and began to wonder what would happen next. He became drowsy again and dozed off. He did not know how long he slept, but was awak-

ened by a gruff voice ordering him in broken Korean to stand up. He slowly and painfully rose, for his muscles were stiff and the movement of his legs caused intense pain in his back. The keeper motioned him to follow him, which he did with limping steps. He was brought before the Japanese police captain, a bullet-headed individual with a receding forehead and protruding chin and teeth. His small, beady-black eyes peered at Hansu with half mockery and contempt.

"You have a taste of the mighty power of the Imperial Japanese Government," he said in broken Korean. "I presume you liked it. We are going to give you another taste of it today in the way of thirty more blows on your impudent body."

"I am not anxious to taste any more of the power of which you speak. Thirty more blows will mean death to me," said Hansu.

"If thirty more blows will bring about your death the country will get rid of one more insubordinate and it will save us some trouble for the future. But the trouble is that I am not so sure of your death. You pesky Koreans seem to live even after ninety blows have been administered," was the brutal reply.

"I am almost dead now. I believe one more blow will be the end of me."

"Are you a Christian?" suddenly asked the police captain.

"No, I do not belong to that sect," answered Hansu.

"If I let you off will you be good?" asked the officer.

"I have always tried to be good. I can safely give the promise that I will try to be good in the future."

"On your promise of good behavior in the future I will not administer the thirty blows to you, which are a part of the original sentence.

But you must serve out the rest of the sentence of thirty days' imprisonment with hard labor."

Thereupon Hansu was led out by a policeman and turned over to the foreman of the road-repairing gang of the prison. He was chained to another prisoner and was told to work with pick and shovel. His heart rebelled against this cruelty and injustice, and the wounds on his back did not permit him to exert himself. He told the foreman that he did not deserve the punishment, besides he was not used to such work. Hansu could not contain himself and he was about to run away, but one of the men to whom he was chained whispered to him not to do so. If he pretended to do the work he would be all right. Hansu felt that he had heard the voice of this fellow-prisoner somewhere, but could not place it for a moment. The man was a perfect stranger to him and he was sure he had never seen his face before. However, there was something about him and his voice that impelled Hansu to accept his counsel. So he picked up a shovel and moved away with the rest of the gang to some distance from the Japanese foreman.

Hansu finally asked the man who he was, and by what right the Japanese exerted such arbitrary power over the Korean people.

The man replied, "My name is Sangsul Kimm, pastor of the Sunju Presbyterian Church, now serving a six months' term of imprisonment for the crime of offering a prayer to God to save Korea from Japanese domination."

Hansu then recognized the voice as that of the man's in the cell opposite his in the prison. He was glad to meet him and talk to him face to face. He told the pastor that he was the person who spoke to him in the morning across the passageway in the prison. The sympathetic face of the pastor, who was much older than Hansu, lighted up and he smiled and said that it was

quite providential that they were chained together. They could now talk in whispers instead of in a loud voice over the iron-barred transom in the early morning hours.

Pastor Kimm was a hard worker and diligently filled the uneven places in the road with broken stones, but all the time he talked to Hansu in gentle whispers and his sympathetic glance frequently swept the face of the young man beside him.

"You see the stars, sun and moon which are parts of the universe," said Kimm. "This earth is only a small unit in the scheme of God's creation. His power and His wisdom direct the myriads of worlds to revolve in orderly courses and His omnipotent sight sees through all things, in darkness as well as light. Man is one of His creations and made for His certain purpose, which our limited intellect cannot comprehend. Many things in human beings are akin to those of the creatures we call animals in disposition and in anatomical construction and its physiological functions. But in addition He has endowed man with the spiritual instinct which is lacking in animals. I believe it is His intention to have man understand Him and work for His Kingdom on this earth. He chose the people of Judea, in the early dawn of human history, to reveal many of His secrets and intentions to mankind, but nineteen hundred and eleven years ago He sent His Son to this world in the form of man, and through this Divine Man He revealed His love and mercy for sinful man. The Jewish people named this Divine Man Jesus and His advent was in accordance with God's promise given in the Old Testament. But the Jews disbelieved that Jesus was the Messiah of the Old Testament and persecuted Him for preaching the Gospel of the New Testament, and finally crucified Him. This crucifixion thus fulfilled the revelations of the prophets of the

Old Testament that in His infinite love and compassion God would sacrifice His own Son to save mankind from perdition. 'Whosoever believeth this, he shall be saved.'

"It is my sincere desire that you should study this wonderful religion, and when you have faith in it, as I have, you must tell it to other Koreans so that all our people may believe it and be saved. Beside their individual salvation, the fate of our race depends upon this glorious faith. If our faith is strong in our hearts we will live cleaner and better lives in this world. We will love our country more and we will be more willing to make sacrifices for the good of our nation. Therefore, for your own sake and for the sake of your country, you should have faith in Jesus Christ and imitate Him in your daily life."

"I am very much impressed with what you said and I want to read the Holy Bible of which you spoke this morning," said Hansu, the glow in his eyes shining warmly.

CHAPTER III.

As the twilight faded behind the pine-clad hills and as the vesper song of the birds became fainter and slowly died away, the prison toilers were herded together, and the Japanese policemen made their daily count by tapping the heads of the prisoners with sharp and glistening swords. At the end of the count they were marched to the iron gate of the prison yard and turned over to the jailkeeper for the night.

The prisoners were sore in body and sick at heart. Slowly they entered their respective cells, only to live through another night of torture and anguish. Hansu prostrated himself on the stone floor to dream of his old thatched-roof home, nestling among the pine trees in the valley of Juckpo. He saw his mother sitting in the candle-light and mending the family clothes. His father sat opposite her, with a pipe in his hand, but he wasn't smoking. He also noticed his pet dog Norangi curled up in the corner of the kitchen dozing. He could see his pet goose standing on one leg by the old barn door, with its head tucked under its wing. Suddenly he was awakened and heard Pastor Kimm's gentle voice singing:

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling
For you and for me.
See, at the portals He is waiting, and waiting
For you and for me.
Come home, come home, ye who are weary,
come home!
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling:
O Sinner, come home!"

Hansu wanted to sing also, but the weariness of his body was too great for him to rouse him-

self, nor was he familiar with the hymn. He only mumbled a few incoherent words before dropping off to sleep again.

Hansu's life in prison never varied from day to day. The same coarse food was served him, the same hard work on the road, the same stony floor for a bed. However, he was learning something new each day from his comrade on the chain. During the long hours of toil, Pastor Kimm told him of many things. The Bible, which was secretly slipped to him by Pastor Kimm, was his constant companion and its contents were avidiously absorbed whenever the light in the cell and the watchful eyes of the foreman permitted.

One day Hansu told Pastor Kimm that he was convinced of the truth of Jesus' doctrine and desired to join the church to show his faith in God. Pastor Kimm advised him to enter one of the Christian schools in Penyan as soon as he was released. It would be better for him to learn more of the Bible and build up a stronger faith in Jesus before joining the church. He would give Hansu a note to the American teacher who had charge of one of these schools.

"What are the duties of believers of Christianity?" asked Hansu.

"The duties of followers of Jesus are to imitate Him in heart and deed," answered the pastor.

"Is it right for a Christian to work and die for the cause of his country?" pursued the boy.

"If any one does not work or die for the cause of his country he is not a Christian. If one betrays his country he will betray his family, his friends and his God. God will never have mercy upon such a creature."

"Then is it right for a Christian to fight for a good cause?"

"Some of the greatest Christians of the world were the greatest fighters for righteousness. God commands peace among men, but He never

countenances peace at the sacrifice of His principles," said Pastor Kimm.

"I have promised my parents and I have taken a vow to devote my life to the cause of our country's freedom. I know I cannot render very valuable service to the country unless I am mentally and physically fit. For that reason I was going to a school in Seoul, where higher branches of science are taught. For this purpose my poor aged parents have made many sacrifices for my education. Therefore, I am duty-bound to obtain the knowledge which will fit me for the task. If this plan does not conflict with the duties of a Christian believer I will be glad to join the church. I have found so much comfort in all that you have told and what I have read in the Bible. I would like to have my parents know of it, as they also may find the same solace and hope that I have found," answered Hansu.

"Your plan does not conflict with Christian duties in the least; on the contrary, it is a Christian ideal. However, you cannot be of real service to your country unless you have spiritual training as well as intellectual and physical development. Therefore, go to the Christian institution and prepare yourself for the service you wish to render to your nation." With these remarks he slipped into Hansu's hand a paper containing the address of Dr. Joseph B. Manley, of the American Mission School for Training Boys in Penyan.

Hansu had been in jail over thirty days, but as yet there was no order for his release. He asked the jailer one day when he was to be freed. The jailer said he did not know, but would find out for him if he could keep the five yen which was taken from him when he was arrested. To this Hansu readily agreed, and inside of ten minutes the keeper handed him the paper of release, which had evidently been in his hand for several days

but was not delivered because of the intention of making the bargain just consummated.

Hansu walked through the gate, once more a free man, but on his way he stopped at the place where the prisoners were working and bade Pastor Kimm an affectionate farewell. Hansu was glad to get away from this detestable scene of his thirty days of horror and nightmare, but he was sorry to leave his new friend. He briefly expressed his feelings of gratitude to Pastor Kimm and started for the station, but discovered that he had no money to purchase a ticket to Penyan, as the five yen he had given the jailer was the only money he had left.

He inquired the distance to Penyan and found it was some fifty miles from the station. There was nothing to do but walk. He stopped at a nearby Korean farm house and obtained some food from a kindly Korean woman, and then spent the night under a roadside tree, with a projecting rock as an awning over his damp and mossy bed. His youth and healthy physical fatigue triumphed over all discomforts and the chilly night air and he was soon sound asleep. He was awakened by the joyous songs of meadow larks in duet with the cooing of the mountain doves on the tree above his bed. His eyes greeted a wonderful landscape bathed in the sunlight. The tops of the distant hills were enveloped in rose-colored mists, and the rice paddies in the valley below appeared to him a vast carpet of green velvet, with fringes of rose and gold. Hansu sat up and rubbed his eyes, and unconsciously he began to sing the hymn he had learned from his friend, Pastor Kimm:

"New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought."

CHAPTER IV.

Hansu was in a more hopeful and cheerful mood that morning than he had been for some days. He walked down to the brook below the road and made his early morning toilet as best he could before resuming his journey. To his surprise he saw a vehicle coming toward him from the opposite direction, which was not drawn by either man or beast, but which made rapid progress, and in a few minutes was in front of him, where it stopped. Hansu quickly stepped aside, and in doing so caught his foot in a stone and fell flat on his face. He was somewhat angry with himself for making such an awkward move and was very much ashamed to see a foreign lady emerge from the horseless carriage and speak to him in Korean.

"I am very sorry my automobile caused you to fall; I hope you did not hurt yourself," she said in a friendly voice.

"It was not your fault; I fell before you even reached the spot where I was standing. Will you tell me what makes the carriage go so rapidly without some one pulling it?"

"This is called an automobile and it is made in my country, America. Its propelling power is derived from the combustion of an agent known as gasoline. The machinery is inside of the carriage," was the answer.

"I have heard of the spirit of stone oil. Is it the same as gasoline?"

"Yes, it is extracted from coal oil."

"May I look at the inside and see the oil spirit?"

"Certainly."

She unhooked the hood over the engine and

explained the working and principle of the mechanism as she had learned it from the salesman of the machine when she received it in America. The car had been bought for her by relatives during her furlough home the previous year. She knew she had to learn everything about it in order to take care of it in Korea, where the automobile repairers are rather scarce. She could therefore tell him many things the usual owner could not. The gasoline tank was opened and the mysterious fluid was shown to him.

Hansu had never met a foreign woman before and greatly appreciated her kindness and generosity in showing him all these things. He also admired her soft white skin, with its delicate tinting of faint rose, and the soft light wavy hair that framed the charming face. Her large hazel eyes, with their thick fringe of silky lashes, were full of sympathy and understanding. To Hansu she was like some goddess who had stepped from her chariot for a few moments to enjoy the warm morning sunlight. Finally his curiosity overcame his timidity and awe, and he asked her who she was, what she was doing and where she was going.

"I am a teacher in the American Mission School, and my name is Miss Mira Norman. I have a Bible class in a village not far away, and I go there three days every month to teach the Bible to the women in that district. I am now on my way to that village, and I am to be the guest of Mrs. Kang, wife of Pastor Ilhan Kang, of Senchu. My assistant, a young Korean woman by the name of Miss Marcella Jurng, has already gone ahead to make all the necessary arrangements for the class."

"Do you know Dr. Manley?" asked Hansu.

"I know him very well," assured Miss Norman.

Hansu handed her Pastor Kimm's letter to Dr. Manley and asked her to read it, as it was a letter of introduction written in English. Miss Norman

read the badly scribbled letter, which was short but intelligent.

"My dear Dr. Manley:

"The bearer is a boy I found in this jail. I am sure he will work for God and for his people. Help him to obtain his mental and spiritual training if you can.

"Yours in Christ,
SANGSUL KIMM."

"I know Sangsul Kimm. He was at one time a student in the Boys' Academy in Senchen. Later he graduated from the Penyan Theological Seminary. But, tell me, who are you and why are you tramping along the road instead of going by the railroad?"

Hansu told her his name and explained his reason for walking, hastily adding that he did not mind walking as the surrounding country was beautiful to the eye and the fresh air was invigorating.

Miss Norman reached for a leather bag in the back of the car, and opening it gave him several large bars of chocolate to stay his hunger, and also gave him some money, as a loan, telling him he could pay it back when he had become settled in Penyan.

Hansu was more than grateful and in his heart he wondered why the strange foreigner was so kind and seemed to understand his needs. He did not like to accept the money from her, for to his way of thinking it made him cheap in her estimation. But then he remembered she had said it was only to be a loan and to be paid back later; therefore, it would be all right to accept it.

Miss Norman seemed to know his thoughts, for she said: "Hansu, before our Heavenly Father we are all brothers and sisters; therefore, we must help one another, even though we are of different races and of different nationalities. If you believe in my religion I am sure you will also feel that it is your duty to be helpful to others.

Please do not try to thank me, but go to the railroad station on the other side of the valley and take the train for Penyan. If you walk rapidly you will catch the morning Shinwiju express at that station."

Without further ado she got into her car and drove away.

Hansu walked rapidly in the direction she had indicated, and when he had climbed the steep hill he could see the station below. He hurried into it and purchased his ticket, just as the Shinwiju express pulled in. In a few minutes he was experiencing the joy and thrill of his first ride in a railroad coach. The rapidly moving panoramic views from the car window of hills, fields, and small villages gave him peculiar sensations, and he came to the conclusion that the world was a wonderful place to live in.

Before he could make any definite plans of what he would do when he reached the city, he heard the guards calling that all passengers for Penyan should get off. He left the train, and very much bewildered followed the crowd passing through one of the exits. He inquired the way to the American School and was glad to learn that it was near the station.

He reached the school without difficulty, and entering the gate he asked for the principal. The gateman showed him Dr. Manley's office. Just as he was about to enter the door, a man stepped out. He was of massive build, over six feet in height. He wore tortoise-shell glasses perched on the bridge of an aquiline nose, and his slightly bald head glistened in the sun. Hansu was somewhat abashed at the sight of this big man, but the kindly smile and clear blue eyes encouraged him. Hansu bowed and asked if Dr. Manley was in. The big man laughed good-naturedly and told Hansu that Dr. Manley was standing right in front of him, whereupon Hansu handed him the letter from Pastor Kimm.

CHAPTER V.

In two days Hansu was installed in the school as a regular student and he was assigned to work in the garden three hours a day for his board. Hansu accomplished much during his three years' sojourn in the school. First, he gave his heart to God and confessed Christ as his Saviour. Second, he learned English sufficiently so that he could read and converse in that tongue. He wrote to his parents quite often and had his parents come to Pyeng Yang several times to visit him. Third, as his education broadened, his usefulness became greater and his earning capacity increased considerably.

He met Miss Norman, whose kindness he never forgot, and he returned to her the money she had loaned him. She asked him what his plans were, and he told her he wanted to go to America and obtain a higher education before he would settle down to some life work. What he desired most was to be in a position to be of service to his people. Miss Norman promised if he should make up his mind to go to America she would give him some letters of introduction to her relatives and friends in America. He thanked her and went back to his quarters, where he prayed long and earnestly to God to direct him.

One day Dr. Manley asked him to go to Seoul with him as he needed his assistance in that city in connection with the school work. For the first time in his life Hansu visited the ancient capital of his country. He saw many new sights and many strange people, but his heart was sad and at times his spirit revolted to see the contemptible Wainom, or Japanese pigmies, lording it over everything everywhere. The sacred palaces and

ancient government buildings were occupied by these despised people, and their spies followed him daily, while their policemen commanded him to do this and that, all of which seemed unnecessary to him. If he asked them any questions they generally replied with slaps in the face or kicks on the abdomen. In short, he instinctively perceived that there was nothing in common between himself and the Japanese, and he seriously doubted that the Japanese were of the human race. Before he was in Seoul two days his hatred toward the Japanese was more intense than he thought himself capable of entertaining toward any one. Besides, the lordly airs and attempted superiority of the hateful little foreigners galled him beyond his self-control.

Walking up the path one day, leading to the top of Namsan (South Mountain), he met a Japanese coolie among the pines. He quickened his steps with a view to avoiding the coolie in that lonely spot, but the coolie called to him and asked him to come over to him. Hansu did not answer and walked on. The Jap then ran after him.

"What do you want?" asked Hansu.

"I have a heavy load to carry up to the tea house on the top of the hill," replied the coolie, "but I cut my foot on a jagged stone and it is very sore. If you would be so kind as to help me carry this bundle, I will give you half the money I receive from the proprietor of the tea house."

"No," answered Hansu with contempt, "I do not want to have anything to do with a wainom."

Hansu felt pretty safe in saying that as he saw no other Japanese around. The coolie clenched his fist and lurched forward to strike Hansu in the face, but Hansu's pent up resentment got the better of him, and he quickly stepped to one side. As the fist of the coolie came in contact with the empty air Hansu grabbed him around the neck and threw him to the ground. With his foot on the coolie's back to hold him down, he took some

stems of a thick tough vine beside him and trussed him up like a fowl ready for the oven. He tore a piece of cloth from the Jap's coat and stuffed it into his mouth, and then eyed his work with a feeling of satisfaction and started back to the city. On the way he passed several Japanese policemen, but they made no attempt to hinder him. When he reached his room he breathed freely once more, and immediately knelt down and asked God's forgiveness for his unchristian-like action. "Oh, Father," he earnestly prayed, "I could not help it. Oh, Father, I could not help it!"

In the evening he went to Dr. Manley's hotel for his usual chat with the good man.

As soon as Hansu entered Dr. Manley said: "My boy, war has been declared in Europe, between Germany and the other European nations, including Russia."

"What has caused this war, doctor?" asked Hansu.

Dr. Manley explained to him in detail all the fundamental and immediate causes of this great conflict, and told him the story of German militaristic ambition of world domination through brute force.

"Germany is like Japan then, isn't she?" asked Hansu when Dr. Manley had finished.

"Well," replied Dr. Manley smiling, "you should say Japan is more like Germany in her aim, because the Japanese militarists have learned their aggressive tactics from Germany."

"I want to fight militarism wherever it exists, for its ascendancy means perpetual bondage for all weak and small nations," said Hansu, his eyes flashing.

"Germany has not done anything wrong to Korea, besides Japan will not let you get into the fight. I would advise you to enter the Hospital College in Seoul and study medicine,"

answered Dr. Manley in his gentle voice, for he saw the boy was nervous and his eyes burned with unusual brilliancy.

"I am restless, besides I ought to do something to help crush this militarism that is rearing its ugly head all over the world, even if it is Germany in this case. If militarism is done away with in Europe, it may fall in Asia too," he replied, ignoring the doctor's advice.

"You do not appear well tonight. I have never seen you act so. You had better go to bed and get a good night's rest," patiently answered the doctor.

Hansu returned to his room but not to sleep or rest. He wrote a brief note of farewell to his kind friend and teacher, Dr. Manley, and then packing his meagre belongings in a small reed satchel he started for the northwest. After four days of travel he reached the port of Wonsan. Here he met Koreans who had connections with the Koreans in Vladivostok, and through them he obtained the necessary information as to how to enter Siberia. After much difficulty and privation he finally boarded a coast steamer that sailed to Vladivostok.

Three days of stormy travel brought him into the harbor of the Siberian city, and here he found large numbers of Koreans, as well as others in the surrounding towns. To his delight he found the Russian government was recruiting young men of all races in Siberia to serve in the army. They had already organized a division largely composed of the Korean residents of Siberia, so he immediately enlisted in this army and went into a training camp, where he was taught the various duties of a soldier under Russian and Korean officers. He was assigned to a machine-gun squad and soon mastered the handling of this modern weapon. The work was irksome and the climate more rigorous than he had been accus-

tomed to, but the anticipation of taking part in great battles gave him the courage to bear minor difficulties and annoyances.

In the spring of 1915 his division was ordered to entrain for duty in Europe. The six weeks of travel over the Trans-Siberian Railroad was an experience which he never forgot. The frequent breaking down of the engines, the lack of a sufficient number of cars, and all sorts of trouble, delayed his journey. Quite often he slept in a box car with horses and other animals for room-mates. The food was almost uneatable, and at times even water was scarce. However, the day came when Hansu was filled with great joy, for the huge train with its human cargo rolled into the city of Moscow. The wonderful buildings and broad smooth avenues made a deep impression upon him, and the sight of the endless numbers of soldiers that daily tramped the streets added new fuel to the fires of his adventurous spirit.

But watching marching soldiers and admiring beautiful buildings and avenues soon grew tiresome, and he began to rebel at the delay. He yearned for the sound of the great guns and the rank odor of burned powder. He wanted to be up and onward. Finally the order came to entrain for Poland, and Hansu was so happy he sang for sheer joy.

CHAPTER VI.

Those two years were one great experience and revelation to the boy from the quiet Korean village. Many were the hardships he endured and often at night his heart cried out for the peace of his childhood's home, but his spirit stifled the cry and the next day found his determination unshaken. A lifetime of events happened during that time, events with which the whole world is familiar, their full share falling to Hansu and baptizing him with fire.

Through lack of supplies, food and equipment, Hansu's division suffered much during the latter part of 1916 and the early part of 1917. In the battle of Warsaw and during the Hindenburg campaign in the Brest Litovsk region, the casualties in the division were appalling. The remnant of his and several other units were ordered to fall back, and gradually but constantly were driven to Smolensk, where most of them were disbanded. Hansu, together with a few others, was ordered to return to Siberia. Without food, clothing or money, this little band of Russian soldiers of Korean origin started back to Siberia; and the world has never even heard of these brave men who served the cause of the Allies so heroically and with so much sacrifice.

The collapse of the Russian government, the subsequent revolution, the counter-revolution and the terrors of the Bolshevik regime which followed it gave no recognition of the services rendered by the Korean soldiers who fought under the Russian flag. The Koreans were heartsore and broken in body and spirit. They lived like wild animals most of the time after their return to frozen and inhospitable Siberia.

It was the latter part of 1918 before Hansu finally reached Vladivostock, and he was in hopes of returning to Korea to resume his studies and see his aged parents once more. He was also anxious to see his friend Dr. Manley and explain his sudden disappearance. He tried in every way to get a boat for Korea but the Japanese prevented him. Some days later when hope was almost gone, he succeeded in getting work as stoker on a train running from Vladivostok to Harbin, Manchuria. Hansu's service in the Russian army had given him a knowledge of the Russian language, and his somewhat battered and torn Russian uniform gave him easy access to the Russian institutions. When he reached Harbin he applied for the same kind of work on the train running from Harbin to Mukden. Through his Russian friends he succeeded in getting the transfer, and the next day was on his way to Mukden.

At Mukden he exchanged his old uniform for the costume of a Chinaman. He then went to the office of the Chinese Governor and asked for a passport to Korea. The Chinese clerks thought he was from Southern China because he did not speak the local colloquialisms, and issued him a passport duly signed and sealed. Armed with this document he boarded a train for Penyan. He encountered another difficulty when he tried to exchange Russian rubles for Japanese yen, but some Russian shopkeepers in Mukden helped him in the transaction. When the train had traversed the long steel bridge over the blue waters of the Yalu River, and reached the Korean side of the bank, Hansu wanted to get down on his knees and in thankfulness that once more he was back in his native land, after five adventurous years in foreign countries.

As soon as he reached Penyan he went to the Boys' Academy and asked for Dr. Manley. To

his intense regret he found that Dr. Manley had gone to America on furlough, but found some other American friends who were very glad to see him. He then went to the pastor of the Korean Church, Mr. Gill, who received him with open arms and asked him numerous questions concerning his experiences in Siberia and Europe.

Mr. Gill gave him a new suit of clothes and a respectable looking cap, which Hansu gratefully accepted. He expressed his wish to visit his parents, but Mr. Gill persuaded him to wait for a few days, as he wanted him to accompany him to Seoul on very urgent business. He would leave for Seoul the next day and would be grateful if Hansu would go with him.

"When will you return?" asked Hansu, not wishing to refuse the pastor's request, still undesirous to wait too long before seeing his parents.

"I do not know just when I will return," replied Mr. Gill, "but you can return at once if you wish."

"Very well, I will be glad to accompany you," said Hansu, greatly relieved.

Early next morning Mr. Gill met Hansu at the station and they boarded the train for Seoul. During the trip, Mr. Gill said very little but seemed to be praying silently all the time. Hansu was also in a prayerful mood, not knowing exactly why. Half an hour before reaching Seoul, Mr. Gill handed him a piece of paper closely written in a fine hand, and told him to read it but not to show it to the other passengers. Hansu read it and to his great joy and consternation discovered it to be the Declaration of Independence from Japan's yoke. However, he was at a loss to understand who wrote it and what it all meant. Mr. Gill seemed to know the question he had in mind, but dared not answer.

"It will be signed by thirty-four representatives of the people of the thirteen provinces and will be formally declared simultaneously in 300 different districts this afternoon at two o'clock. All has been arranged and today, March 1st, is **THE DAY**," hurriedly whispered Mr. Gill, his eyes keeping constant watch for any possible listener.

"What will the enemy do?" asked Hansu.

"We do not know and we do not care," bravely replied the pastor.

"What can I do?" eagerly asked Hansu.

"In case I should meet with death, I want you to carry the news to the people of our province that one life was all I had to give for my country and I gave it cheerfully," replied Mr. Gill, and as he said these words his face was filled with an almost heavenly radiance.

"I want to die with you if my life will help the cause," exclaimed Hansu, the spirit of the soldier asserting itself.

"No. We must not all die at one time. You can give your life later if necessary, but just now we must have the younger generation to step into the gap we older ones make," calmly advised the pastor.

Hansu was thrilled at this new development for which he had not looked. Already the thought was forming in his mind that now he could avenge the insults and injuries he had received at the hands of the Japanese. Then he saw Mr. Gill pointing to a sentence at the bottom of the document, which said: "Commit No Violence."

"We must obey this order," said Gill in a firm voice.

Hansu's enthusiasm was somewhat dampened but he said nothing. Suddenly the train stopped. Hansu glanced out of the window and saw that nothing unusual was happening, so settled him-

self to wait for the train to resume its journey.

Presently he turned to Mr. Gill, and asked, "No weapons?"

"None, if we had them we wouldn't use them."

"Why?" persisted Hansu.

"Our people, that is the Christian element of Korea, do not sanction any kind of violence and it was so adopted by all parties. Therefore, it is incumbent upon us to follow that plan, no matter whether we like it or not."

Again Hansu lapsed into silence, and gazed with unseeing eyes out of the window.

CHAPTER VII.

When the train finally arrived at the South Gate Station it was two hours behind its schedule. The minister and Hansu walked rapidly to a certain restaurant in the center of the city.

Gill said a few words to the people in the restaurant and then turning to Hansu said, "I was to meet certain representatives of the people here to sign the Declaration of Independence with them, but owing to the delay of the train the others have signed and have informed the police of their act. The police have arrested them and taken them to police headquarters. I must join them and share their fate, whatever it may be. I request you to return home as soon as you can and tell the people the news."

With these words Mr. Gill walked out, leaving Hansu somewhat dazed at the turn of events.

The pastor walked to police headquarters and quietly gave himself up.

"What do you want to be arrested for?" sneered the police captain.

Standing very straight, with shoulders thrown back, and head held high, Pastor Gill answered him in a calm clear voice: "I am one of the thirty-four men who were to sign the Declaration of Independence, but owing to the train being late, I could not get here in time. However, if it is a crime to sign such a document, then I am equally as guilty as those men that have already been arrested, for it was my intention to sign with them."

The police were somewhat surprised that a man should surrender himself to them when they did not even suspect that he was one of the guilty parties.

The captain said to him, "Are you a Christian?"

"I am Rev. Gill, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Penyan."

"In that case you are under arrest, for it is our intention to arrest all Christians, and let them feel the power of the Imperial Japanese Government," he said in a hard voice, and his little black eyes glittered in anticipation of the cruel torments that would be meted out to the Christians.

Mr. Gill was then stripped of his clothes, forced to don the prison garb and thrust into a cell in the West Gate prison.

Hansu wandered aimlessly along to Chongo (Bell Street) and found the main thoroughfare thronged with people, on whose faces was a look of suppressed excitement. He stopped one of the men and inquired the reason for all this crowd.

"Go to Pagoda Park and find out," answered the man hurrying on his way.

Hansu immediately turned his steps toward the park to find thousands of people already there, and more coming from all directions.

He entered the gate of Pagoda Park and went over to where a man stood addressing the multitude from an improvised platform. At first he was too far away from the speaker to hear what he was saying but finally managed to force his way through the throng and reached a place where he could hear and see. The speaker was a man nearly six feet tall, with the clean-shaven, rugged face of the North Korean type. His voice was deep and resonant, and his manner betrayed the intense feeling that surged through his whole body. In part Hansu heard him say: "Liberty is the most precious blessing to a human being, therefore, every self-respecting and God-fearing person must strive for it. Like all good things,

we must work for it and die for it if necessary. Your death will close your earthly career, but if through your death your children and your race can be freed from an alien yoke you should not hesitate for a moment to court that death. The cause is worth more than the sacrifice. Jesus of Nazareth gave his life to save the souls of men, so must we give our lives to save our nation. No man deserves to be free unless he is ready to defend his freedom even at the cost of his life. For four thousand years our forefathers defended their liberty at enormous sacrifice and through their deeds we were able to maintain our national life, until the year nineteen hundred and ten.

"It is true that for the last two generations our rulers and our people lost some of their vigor and patriotism and made our country corrupt and weak. But we must remember that disgraceful periods in national history have happened in many other countries. We maintain, however, that no matter how much our recent rulers have erred, or how much our people have neglected in protecting our rights, they do not deserve the ignominious status to which they have been reduced. Japan did not conquer us in the field of battle; she has only occupied our territory with her military forces by virtue of the so-called Treaty of Alliance, in which she solemnly pledged her word of honor that she would guarantee our independence and territorial integrity. Her troops and her warships were allowed to enter our territory as our guests and our allies. After having thus entered our premises the guest and ally turned on us and assumed the role of dictator and, later, master. Japan has thus become an usurper of our country and a violator of the treaty which she signed. It is not the time, however, for us to find fault with Japan or with ourselves, but we must strive to right the wrongs that have already been done and return to the

family of nations of the world as a free people. It is not only our just right but a sacred duty that we owe to our forefathers, ourselves and our children's children. With this object in view our people have authorized their chosen leaders to declare our independence from Japan from this hour as a step in restoring our nation's proper status in the world. I will read the declaration:

THE DECLARATION OF KOREAN INDEPENDENCE

" We, the representatives of 20,000,000 united people of Korea, hereby proclaim the independence of Korea and the liberty of the Korean people. This proclamation stands in witness of the equality of all nations, and we pass it on to our posterity as our inalienable right.

With 4000 years of history behind us, we take this step to insure to our children forever life, liberty and pursuit of happiness in accord with the awakening consciousness of this new era. This is the clear leading of God and the right of every nation. Our desire for liberty cannot be crushed or destroyed.

After an independent civilization of several thousand years we have experienced the agony for fourteen years of foreign oppression, which has denied to us freedom of thought and made it impossible for us to share in the intelligent advance of the age in which we live.

To assure us and our children freedom from future oppression, and to be able to give full scope to our national aspirations, as well as to secure blessing and happiness for all time, we regard as the first imperative the regaining of our national independence.

We entertain no spirit of vengeance toward Japan, but our urgent need today is to redeem and rebuild our ruined nation, and not to discuss who has caused Korea's downfall.

Our part is to influence the Japanese Government, which is now dominated by the old idea of brute force, so that it will change and act in accordance with the principles of justice and truth.

The result of the enforced annexation of Korea by Japan is that every possible discrimination in education, commerce and other spheres of life has been practiced against us most cruelly. Unless remedied, the continued wrong will but intensify the resentment of the 20,000,000 Korean people and make the Far East a constant menace to the peace of the world.

We are conscious that Korea's independence will mean not only well being and happiness for our race, but also happiness and integrity for the 400,000,000 people of China and make Japan the leader of the Orient instead of the oppressor she is at the present time.

A new era awakes before our eyes, for the old world of force has gone and out of the travail of the past a new world of righteousness and truth has been born.

We desire a full measure of satisfaction in liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In this hope we go forward.

We pledge the following:

1. This work of ours is in behalf of truth, justice and life and is undertaken at the request of our people to make known their desire for liberty. Let there be no violence.

2. Let those who follow us show every hour with gladness this same spirit.

3. Let all things be done with singleness of purpose, so that our behavior to the end may be honorable and upright.

The 4252d year of the Kingdom of Korea, 3d month, 1st day.

Signed by thirty-three representatives of the people.' "

As soon as the document was finished the enthusiasm and joy of the assembly knew no bounds. Like magic thousands of Korean flags were held aloft and thousands of throats shouted in unison, "Mansei! Mansei! Mansei!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Hansu was one of the few in that vast crowd who did not have previous information as to what was happening that day, but the whole scene thrilled him through and through. With tears of joy rolling down his cheeks he, too, shouted "Manseil" through trembling lips, and threw his cap high in the air. The crowd was now marching out of the park, with almost everyone waving a Korean flag, some singing their national anthem, which for ten years they had been forbidden to sing in public. Others kept up their national cheer. The whole crowd seemed to have been transformed into new beings. They were not at all like the silent Koreans, with downcast faces, hesitant steps and furtive glances. They laughed, talked and shouted. Their steps were quick and their faces shone with the new joy of becoming once more free Koreans. As they reached the street the crowd formed into lines of four abreast and marched toward Legation Street, where already there were thousands in line, the crowd increasing as they marched along. The majority of the gathering were men, but a few women and children were interspersed through it. A wonderful sight it was to Hansu to see Korean flags fluttering everywhere. They were strung along the telegraph and telephone lines overhead as though some magic hand had placed them there. The roofs of the buildings along the street were covered with people, and mighty shouts of "Manseil" rose in every direction.

The Japanese policemen and gendarmes seemed to be paralyzed or stunned at the sudden change in the demeanor of the people whom they thought were made of putty without a soul.

The Japanese guardians of law and order stood motionless with open mouths and for about three hours they offered no interference with the joyous marchers. But it was only temporary. The Japanese authorities immediately issued orders to disperse the crowd and arrest the leaders with the order that in doing so no one should be spared or no quarter given. To shoot, cut, stab and kill were the order of the day. The hordes of Japanese soldiers, police and firemen began their work of destruction of life and property, shooting down everybody and anybody within their sight, slashing and stabbing all men, women and children who came within their reach. In this display of fiendish fury on the part of the Japanese soldiers and police a large number of Japanese civilians took an active part, armed with clubs and daggers, inflicting numerous fatal injuries to the unarmed and unresisting victims. Within an hour the whole city became a literal slaughter-house where thousands of non-resisting victims shed their blood.

Once Hansu came within reach of a long iron hook, which the Japanese firemen were using to try to catch the Koreans. Fortunately, he escaped without injury, the only damage being the loss of the sleeve of his coat, which was torn away by the sharp hook. He turned quickly into a side street, where he took off his coat and threw it away, then walked rapidly toward the West and safely reached the street leading to the old Mulberry Palace.

Just as he entered this street a trolley car stopped near him, and in it were some twenty Korean girls. They were students of one of the American Mission Schools and were on their way to the park to celebrate the declaration of independence. They were all in jubilant spirits and carried small Korean flags which they constantly waved. A squad of Japanese mounted gendarmes

rushed up to the car platform and fired a shot and then told the girls to throw their flags away. They merely laughed and waved the flags more vigorously, while their high young voices shouted, "Mansei! Mansei! Toknip Mansei!" (Long live, long live, independence long live).

The Japanese soldiers immediately entered, closed the car door and tied the girls together with heavy cord, like so many bunches of celery. There were four girls in a bunch, and each group was turned over to a soldier, who tied the end of the cord to the saddle of his horse. The resisting girls were mercilessly beaten by sabres and gun barrels, and in a few minutes the gay and laughing girls in clean white dresses became a sullen and blood-stained crowd.

From the struggling mass one young woman of about twenty-five, and evidently the leader, who had not yet been tied, sprang upon the car seat and addressed the soldiers in Japanese:

"Men, don't you know that you are no longer our rulers and oppressors? We are free today! We have declared our independence, so you have no right to beat us! If you don't believe me, I will read to you the declaration of our independence. Go back to your own country and take care of your own families. We do not want you here!"

She held a copy of the declaration of independence in her right hand, and a Korean flag in her left and began to read the document. The Japanese sergeant commanded her to throw down the flag, but she simply smiled and answered, "No, Sergeant; it is my flag and I am going to die with it."

At this the Japanese struck her wrist viciously with his sabre, cutting her hand from her arm. The severed hand fell to the floor, still clutching the national emblem, which was rapidly turning crimson from the warm blood of the girl, Marcella

Jurng, assistant to Miss Norman, of the American Mission. Marcella fell from the seat, and for a few minutes lay unconscious, but presently, opening her eyes, with her right hand she feebly reached for the blood-soaked emblem of her country. By this time the other girls were removed from the car and were securely fastened to saddles and were dragged behind galloping horses. The wounded Marcella was pulled roughly along by two Japanese and taken to the nearby barracks.

The horrible brutality of the Japs made Hansu's blood boil. He thought several times that he would rush into the car and kill the brutes, but he had no weapon. The best he could find was a loose stone on the street. He picked it up and hurled it at the Japanese, but it only broke a window of the car. Then he was suddenly thrilled and amazed at the heroic demeanor of Marcella Jurng. With her drawn white face, her big brown eyes shining with a light he thought was holy, her tall graceful body swaying gently to and fro as her patriotic emotion agitated her whole being, she appeared to him an angel, defying the very imps of hell. When he saw her fall from the seat, it was like a swordcut in his own breast, but he thrilled anew when he saw her feebly reach for the flag with her remaining hand. He breathed a prayer of thanks to God that she was a Korean.

When the Japs began to drag her away, Hansu determined to follow the captive heroine to her destination, wherever it might be, even if it would put him in the clutches of the Japanese police. He had walked for some distance behind them when he was suddenly seized by a Japanese policeman who struck him a sickening blow on the head with his sword. Upon searching him neither a Korean flag nor a copy of the declaration of independence was discovered. He was

asked whether he was a member of the Independence League, to which he answered very truthfully, "No." After one more kick the policeman ordered him from the streets. Sitting on the curb and holding his throbbing head between his hands, he watched the tall form of Marcella dragged along the dusty streets by the short, stocky Japanese, and saw them disappear into the gendarme station on the opposite side of the street.

CHAPTER IX.

Hansu slowly rose and walked down the street to the barracks. He entered and asked the Japanese guard whether they needed any more men, as he was looking for employment. The Jap told him they did not employ any Korean who did not speak Japanese, but said he could clean the yard, as the man who usually did that part of the work was out killing the cursed Korean independents.

He accepted the proffered employment without even asking the amount of compensation for his work, but told the guard that he wanted a pass in order to go out for a little while and return again without being stopped by the guard who would relieve him within the next hour. Hansu received his pass but with the admonition that he must return at once and get to work. He was very happy to receive this pass, as now he would not be molested by the gendarmes on the street, and although he was stopped several times by the soldiers and police on his way to the American Mission School near the East Gate, he was allowed to go on as soon as he showed the strip of official pasteboard.

In his haste he almost ran to the compound of the American Mission, where he asked to see the principal. To his surprise and joy the principal was none other than his old friend, Miss Mira Norman, whom he met first on the road to Penyan. Without any preliminaries, Hansu asked Miss Norman whether any of her students had been arrested.

"Yes," she told him, "some of my girls have been arrested. The police have just informed me of the fact. I am very much worried about

Marcella Jurng, for the police have no record of her and do not know where she is."

Hansu told her about the young woman whose hand had been cut off by the soldiers, and who had been taken to the soldiers' barracks on Mulberry Street.

"She was tall and fair," he continued, "and acted most heroically under the terrible persecution."

Miss Norman's eyes filled with tears, and she clenched her trembling hands tightly together. "That must be my Marcella," she said in a low voice, "I must go to her, and rescue her if I can."

"I would be very glad to escort you to the barracks, Miss Norman," said Hansu, "but if the Japanese saw me with an American they would surely kill me. It will be best for me to return to the barracks and wait for you there."

Hansu hurriedly returned to the gendarmes' station and gained admittance without any difficulty. He busied himself with a broom in the yard and later went into the rooms where the officers were quartered. In one of these rooms he found a dozen or more Japanese officers sitting around, and in a heap in the middle of the floor was the wounded and half-conscious Marcella.

Hansu did not understand all the men were saying to her because of his limited knowledge of the Japanese language, but could catch a word here and there, and he knew they were trying to make her say the independence movement had been instigated by the American missionaries, and that it was solely supported by the Korean Christians.

"It is a spontaneous movement of the Korean people of all creeds and religious beliefs," answered Marcella with all her former spirit and courage. "It is purely patriotic in its inception

and is an outburst of long-suppressed national feeling."

"You are not telling the truth," said one of the soldiers, "therefore, you will be tortured."

They tore off her clothes and touched her bare skin with lighted cigars and cigarettes. Still it did not bring the confession they wanted. Then they inserted the blade of a penknife under the finger nails of her hand and pushed it in deeper and deeper. Even this agonizing ordeal did not wring from her lips a false confession.

"Confess and we will let you go," laughed one of the soldiers.

But her only answer was, "Kill me if you like, but there is no more truth to tell." She said this in Korean, then in Japanese and finally in English, and then fell back unconscious on the floor.

The brutes in uniform of the Imperial Japanese Army were unmoved and untouched at the sight of this dying girl, whose white garment was stained with darkened and coagulated blood, but whose soul was beyond the defilement of these devils in human flesh. She was motionless for several minutes, but presently her eyelids quivered and slowly opened. Her great eyes held no anger or fear as she gazed into the faces above her; instead, her look was full of pity and compassion for these degenerated men who knew not what they were doing. Beasts that they were, they seemed to feel some strange influence, and involuntarily quailed before her calm, steady gaze and for a few minutes were silent.

Presently one of the senior officers spoke: "She is surely a genuine witch. She has no fear, and does not seem to feel pain. It would be better not to sit in the same room with her, as she may use her power of witchery on us. Let us take her outside and leave her on the street to die."

Four men lifted her up and carried her limp and pain-racked body outside and left her lying

under the shrubbery near the side entrance of the barracks.

Hansu quietly slipped out of the main entrance and anxiously waited for Miss Norman to come. But Miss Norman and her escort were having great difficulty in getting to the barracks. The Japanese policemen stopped her on every street and asked her numerous questions as to where she was going, what she wanted to do at the barracks, who she was and so forth. It took her just four hours to reach her destination, yet her home was less than a mile away. It was nearly midnight when she succeeded in reaching the barracks and was just about to enter the gate where a sentry was standing when she heard someone whisper in English, "Come this way, you will find her here."

Miss Norman and Dr. Wells cautiously moved to the spot whence came the voice. There under the rhododendron bushes they found the unconscious form of Marcella, while a few feet away stood Hansu, making brave efforts to suppress his indignation. Dr. Wells felt her pulse, but it was imperceptible. He sent Hansu for some water, in which he dissolved a small tablet taken from his medicine case. He injected it into her arm hypodermically, and then bathed her face with cold water. In a few minutes Marcella opened her eyes and recognized the anxious faces of her dearest American friends.

"Where am I, Miss Norman?" she asked in a quiet voice while a wan little smile came to her lips.

"It is all right, my child. You are now in safe hands," answered Miss Norman in a choked voice.

With Dr. Wells' assistance Marcella slowly raised herself to a sitting position and carefully scrutinized the face of Miss Norman, as if to assure herself that it was really she. The faint moonlight fell full on Miss Norman's face, and Marcella

gave a little sigh of relief when she realized that she was not dreaming, but was really in the hands of her friends.

She began to feel the pain in her left wrist where the hand had been cut away; the stump was covered with coagulated blood clots. She saw that her clothing was torn and soiled.

"Oh, Miss Norman," she cried, "will I be of any use to you now that I have lost my left hand, I can no longer give the girls piano lessons."

"Marcella, child," hastily answered Miss Norman, "there are many other ways in which you can be useful that do not need the use of your left hand. But first of all, we must go back to the school and dress the wound."

The four knelt in the shadow of the rhododendron bushes, and it was Marcella's weak voice that fervently voiced the thought in the hearts of those with her.

Four weary, heavy-hearted people slowly wended their way to the Mission School, the two men supporting Marcella, who was too feeble to walk. In the early hours of the chilly morning they finally reached the compound. The proper dressing of her wound, the comfort and warmth of her little white bed, the strengthening food, the clean fresh clothes, aided by her indomitable will, had a wonderful effect on poor Marcella. For an hour or so she was delirious, but merciful and all-healing sleep soon brought her the peace and quiet she needed. Seeing her at rest at last the others noiselessly left the room, and silently prayed that her life would be spared.

Hansu was at a loss to know how he could go back to Penyan and deliver the message entrusted to him by Pastor Gill. He was sick in heart and body, and the impulse to do some desperate thing to end all his misery surged through him time and again. But the calmness of Miss Norman and the cheerfulness of Dr. Wells under such

trying conditions had a restraining effect upon him. He felt that no matter what happened to him he had to return to Penyan and discharge his mission. He told this to Miss Norman, who at first advised him to remain at the mission for a few days, at least until the terrors were over, but finally consented to his going with the understanding that he must get out of Korea just as soon as possible. She feared he would surely fall into the clutches of the Japanese on account of his association with the Americans.

The following morning Hansu boarded the train bound for the province where he was born and raised.

CHAPTER X.

After experiencing many hardships on the road through the interference of the inquisitory Japanese spies at every station, Hansu finally arrived in his native town. At first his aged parents could hardly believe that it was really their son. He briefly told them what had happened in Seoul, Penyan and other centres and what awful havoc had been caused by the Japanese soldiers and police.

Fearing that his movements had been watched by the Japanese spies Hansu did not remain with his parents very long, but hurriedly left the village and traveled westward with the intention of crossing the Yalu and hiding himself in Manchuria for a little while. At Sunchen he found a great crowd gathered before police headquarters. He inquired the cause and learned that the Koreans were making the Japanese police officials salute the Korean flag, which was flying over the building in place of the Japanese emblem. As there were only a few Japanese in that town they thought discretion was the better part of valor, and obeyed the command of the populace by making obeisance before the Korean flag and shouting Mansei with the Koreans.

This seemed to please the crowd immensely, any many slapped the Japanese on their backs and called them good sports. Hansu enjoyed the scene and joined the crowd in cheering and singing the Korean national anthem. But this harmless celebration did not last long. In about an hour a company of Japanese gendarmes arrived in motor trucks and charged the laughing, singing crowd with fixed bayonets. Scores of people were cut and slashed, and several women and children

were trampled upon by the infuriated soldiers. The captain of the gendarmes shouted orders to his men to chase the people into the church, which was a short distance away. When some forty people had been forced into the building he ordered several volleys fired into the auditorium, massacring the people in their house of worship, like so many sheep.

During the commotion Hansu found a pistol that had fallen from the hand of a Japanese soldier, who had tumbled into the creek in his mad rush to the church. Hansu hid himself behind an old tree on the opposite side of the church, and examined the pistol. To his delight it contained four unused cartridges. Hansu's sharp eyes found the figure of the captain, and taking careful aim, he pulled the trigger. The captain dropped, a hellish command half finished on his lips. Thus the principal perpetrator of the Sun-chen massacre paid for the crime with his life.

Hansu crawled to a stack of millet in the field, determined to use the three remaining shots to the best advantage.

When the soldiers saw their captain drop, one of them ran to him, but the shot had been fatal. Had a stray bullet from their guns found its way to the captain's black heart? That was the question in the mind of each man there. There was a hurried consultation, which ended by the soldiers climbing into their trucks and driving away, with many a frightened backward glance.

In their hurry they forgot their comrade still struggling in the creek. But Hansu did not forget him, and after the trucks were out of sight he crept from his hiding place and used his second bullet to good advantage on the mud-covered Japanese. He then hurried to the woods, where he spent some time in prayer and meditation.

When the shadows of evening darkened the trails leading to the main road, Hansu cautiously

came out of the thicket, and walked toward a farm house in the valley beyond. He was cold and hungry but the hospitable farmer soon made him comfortable. His host told him the way to the Yalu River district, and after he had rested he started for the frontier. During the nights he traveled toward his destination and in the daytime he slept. He often had to work at the different farmhouses for his food and shelter.

After nights of weary travel and little sleep Hansu was becoming exhausted and felt that he would have to give up. He prayed for strength to go on. As he pushed forward he noticed a bright spot not far distant. Was that a glint of water in the moonlight, or was it imagination? He hurried on as fast as his tired and blistered feet would carry him, his eyes fastened on that hope-giving sign. A sail drifted past, ghostly in the pale light of the moon another followed it. When he reached the top of the hill he was in full sight of the river. The broad silver pathway of the moon's reflection on the water was to Hansu's eyes as a ray of hope from heaven, and perhaps one of the silent, white-sailed boats, drifting phantom-like across the water, would take him to lands unknown. Weariness fell from him, and a desire to shout welled up in him; instead, he dropped to his knees in the dusty road and sent a prayer of thankfulness for this help in his hour of need.

There was a village at the foot of the hill but he was afraid Japanese soldiers would be there and as he did not care to be questioned by them he walked down the other side and followed the river, hoping to find some fisherman's shanty. Presently he saw smoke rising from a tumble-down chimney, and a light faintly visible through the murky window-pane of a lone cabin near the bank. Hansu quickened his steps and knocked at the door. It opened almost immediately in response to his knock, but the patch of yellow light

in the doorway did not outline the figure of a Korean fisherman, instead a trim and neatly uniformed Japanese policeman stood there, asking what was wanted.

"I have just come down from the lumber camp up the river, and have lost my way. Can you direct me to the village?" inquired Hansu.

"It will not be safe for you to go into the village at night, because the place is under a military guard owing to the disturbance everywhere caused by the Independence Movement. If you wish, you can stay here for the night and go into the village in the morning," said the Japanese.

"You are very kind," answered Hansu. "I must compliment you for the excellent Korean you speak."

The Japanese policeman grinned, "I ought to speak it well. I was born and raised here, and although I am compelled to wear this cursed uniform of our enemy my heart is still Korean."

Hansu was very relieved when he found that the supposed Japanese policeman was really a Korean in Japanese service. However, he was careful not to reveal his mission or his identity. He accepted the invitation and entered the cabin. The host was very kind and hospitable, and both men were soon consuming great quantities of hot tea, rice cakes and cigarettes, while their conversation covered a wide range of topics. The policeman informed Hansu that almost the entire river coast was covered by police guards; one policeman in every three miles at night, and every five miles during the day. The day shift was mounted and all were Japanese, but on the night shift half were Koreans and the other half Japanese. The principal duty was to watch the river so that no Korean should go over to the Manchurian side without a permit.

Hansu listened to the story with a heavy heart, for he knew he would never get the required permit to go across the border. While apparently listening attentively to the garrulous policeman, he was formulating a plan in his mind. He observed a telephone on the wall, and through casual inquiry learned that it was connected with local headquarters in the village some three miles away. He also learned that a boat was tied to the bank for the use of the guard in case of necessity. He further noted that the policeman carried two loaded revolvers besides his sword.

"What do you know about the Independence Movement and what do you think of it?" asked Hansu in a careless, disinterested tone.

"Well," replied the policeman, "I hate the Japanese as much as any of the Koreans but I think the Independence Movement is very foolish, because the Japs will not leave Korea on account of it. The only way we can move them is by force, and we Koreans do not have that. Under the circumstances, it is better to get along with them the best we can, and in the meantime we can secretly train the Koreans in the art of warfare. Then when we have had sufficient training we can rise and drive them out by force."

"Would you join such a body of trained men if there was one?"

"Yes, I would instantly join an organized force, but I would never join the peaceful demonstration, for it is ineffective and impractical. The only thing the Japanese are afraid of is something that will kill them, and the demonstration will not kill the Japs." With this last remark the policeman yawned and stretched his legs.

"In ten minutes," he continued, "I will have to go out and cover my beat, and I will have to take you with me, because it is against the rules to leave a stranger alone in the cabin."

"I have traveled many days," said Hansu, "and I am weary. Can't you let me sleep here until you return?"

"I cannot grant your request," he answered.

While Hansu was glad his host was not a Japanese, he was sorry he was not a sympathizer of the Independence Movement. He had been kind and hospitable, but he would not give his guest any help in getting across the river.

Hansu reluctantly followed his host out of the house and along the dark road beside the river bank. When they reached the tiny boat landing, where the police boat was tied, Hansu noticed several feet of loose rope lying on the ground. He picked it up, made a slip knot, quickly passed it over the head of the man, giving it a quick jerk. The unsuspecting policeman lost his balance and fell to the ground. Hansu tore the shirt off his victim and used it for a gag. Whenever the policeman struggled and showed signs of fight the tightening of the rope produced silence. Hansu leisurely bound his hands and feet, and relieved him of his revolvers. He then retraced his steps to the cabin and cut the telephone wires. He made a small bundle of food and then went back to the boat landing. He unfastened the skiff from its moorings, stepped into it and with several vigorous strokes brought it into midstream.

He rested the oars and breathed a sigh of relief. The sky was clear, the moon rode high in the heavens, and the stars were unusually brilliant. There was no sound except for the occasional ringing of the bells on the sail boats anchored near either side of the bank, and the faint, scarcely audible lapping of the water against the side of the boat. Hansu dipped his hand into the water and passed it over his burning face. He sat quietly in his boat and thought over all that had occurred during the evening. He regretted his unprovoked attack on the unsuspecting man. He

also felt that he was guilty of taking human lives, contrary to the teachings of his faith. As he sat in the bow of the boat he murmured a prayer of forgiveness.

But suddenly the silence was broken. Without a sound a boat had crept close to Hansu's skiff, and a strange voice asked, "Where are you going?" It was spoken in Korean, but the peculiar accent indicated that the speaker was a Japanese. For the moment Hansu was startled, but now every nerve was taut. He decided not to answer, but firmly grasping his oars rowed rapidly away from the other boat.

"Stop! stop!" shouted the voice in anger. But Hansu only redoubled his efforts to get away. For nearly fifteen minutes he rowed as fast as he could, and presently saw the dark shores of Manchuria looming up on the other side of the river. The other boat had not given up the chase, for he could still hear the angry shouts of "Stop! stop!" floating across the water. Whenever he heard the voice it seemed as though new strength flowed through his body, and he pulled harder on the oars. Then several shots were fired, but he paid no attention to them. After fifteen minutes he could see the pine trees projecting over the water's edge. He directed his boat toward the nearest tree, and as he felt the branch gently touch his cheek he reached up and grasped it, and climbed along the trunk. He flattened himself against the trunk and clung there, just as a bullet cut a twig below his feet.

CHAPTER XI.

Hansu was still some fifteen feet from land. He glanced around and saw that the boat of his pursuers had almost reached the tree. In the stern stood a Japanese water-policeman with a drawn pistol in his hand; another Japanese worked the oars and Hansu could see the glitter of the nicked scabbard on his side and the badge on the breast of the policeman. He took one of the three pistols he carried and aiming at the faintly visible insignia of the man in the stern, fired. A splash told him that his bullet had found its mark. He was about to aim at the other man, when to his surprise he saw the boat moving away, while a rather terrified voice called to him, "Please don't shoot; I will go away."

Shooting human beings was not a delightful task to Hansu, and he was satisfied with the turn of events. He slid out of the tree and found himself on the soil of Manchuria. He did not know where to go or what would befall him, so wandered about for a little while, trying to find some path, finally striking one leading to the level country toward the South. For the rest of the night he tramped, and with the coming of the dawn he discovered smoke rising from a clump of trees in the distance. He walked slowly in that direction, always keeping a sharp lookout for possible Japanese lurking along the road.

When he reached the clump of trees he found it was only a way station of the Chinese trading post. There were several Chinamen in the yard, with wheelbarrows loaded with various merchandise. Hansu walked over to one and asked for directions, but the man did not understand him. He spoke to him in Russian and Japanese but they

were equally unintelligible to the man with the wheelbarrow. He was about to give up, when a happy thought struck him. He picked up a small stick and wrote on the ground his message in Chinese characters. The Chinaman could understand that and grinned happily at Hansu. He took the stick and answered him in the same manner. This attracted the attention of the other men in the yard and presently half a dozen Chinamen were squatting nearby, silently talking to Hansu by writing the characters on the ground. Hansu soon learned that these Chinamen hated the Japanese almost as fiercely as he did, but they were afraid of them because most of the Chinese officials in that country were in the pay of the Japanese and the Chinese had no chance even before their own officials when they were involved in any dispute with the Japanese. From them Hansu learned that there was a Korean village about ten miles north and if he would join the wheelbarrow caravan they would take him to the place. He gladly accepted their invitation, but first had to get some Chinese clothes in order that no Japanese would know that he was a Korean. The keeper of the post gave him an old Chinese suit in exchange for a pistol.

After some five hours of slow travel Hansu arrived at the village of Chantong where several hundred Korean refugees had settled in order to escape Japanese oppression in Korea. He made himself known to his compatriots and was received with open arms. He told them of the Independence Movement in Korea and some of his own experiences in Soul and elsewhere. He was at once proclaimed a hero by the expatriated Koreans and they offered him all sorts of assistance.

"The first thing we must do," said Hansu to the assembled Koreans, "is to acquaint all our fellowmen in Manchuria and Siberia of the news of the Independence Movement and help them organize

for the purpose of co-operating with the folks at home. In this work I want to devote my entire time and energy."

The next Sunday the Koreans of Chantong held a mass meeting in their church, which had been built some years ago by the Canadian Mission in Manchuria. At this meeting by popular vote the pastor of the church was elected president of the Independence League with several coadjutors. The members raised sufficient money to enable Hansu to go through Manchuria, organizing bodies similar to their own among all the Korean colonies in that territory.

Nearly fourteen months passed while Hansu did this work of organization, and as he traveled from town to town he found that the zeal and devotion of his people to the cause was greater than he had ever dreamed. Old and young, men and women, were willing to sacrifice everything to regain liberty for their native country.

Hansu found many devout Christians among them and as a rule they were the leaders of their communities. He impressed upon them the necessity of educating the younger people who would eventually follow the footsteps of their elders in the work. For this purpose many people gave all their surplus grains and live stock to be converted into cash with which to build schools and employ teachers. In fourteen months several schools had been built through that part of Manchuria and as many churches.

Hansu found that he needed more education in order to enlighten the others, so he confided to his friends his wish to go to America to study for some years, thus preparing himself for larger and broader work. A few Christians agreed with him and told him to go with the understanding that he would return to them as soon as he finished his studies in America. Hansu bid farewell to

these faithful friends and in the summer of 1920 went to Shanghai, via Mukden.

Soon after his arrival in the city, Hansu called at the headquarters of the Korean Provisional Government and made a detailed report of the work and conditions in Manchuria. He told of his intention to go to America to further his studies and asked the officials to give him a permit or passport to enter the United States.

"America has not recognized our Provisional Government," one of the officials explained to him, "so a passport issued by us would not be of any use. The only way you can travel is on a Japanese or Chinese passport. But the Japanese will not issue a passport for a Korean student."

"Even if they did," answered Hansu, "I would never use it. I might possibly obtain one from the Chinese, but I do not care to use it, because I am a Korean citizen and have no connection with China."

Hansu then went to the American Consulate in Shanghai and laid his case before the consul, a kindly and sympathetic man. After listening to his story the consul said to him, "While I am in full sympathy with you, under the rulings of the Washington authorities I could not issue any permit to a Korean unless he had a Japanese passport."

"I am not a Japanese subject," determinedly answered Hansu, "and I do not want to travel with a Japanese passport. The United States cannot make me a Japanese even if she wishes. By your ruling I cannot go to your country to study unless I become a Japanese subject. This appears to be a discrimination against the Koreans, besides this ruling tends to compel Koreans to submit to the Japanese rule. I do not think your government knows how we feel on the subject, otherwise it would not have issued such orders. Of course, if you do not issue a permit I

cannot go, and cannot obtain an American education. But I will never declare myself a Japanese subject for all the education your country can ever give me."

His face glowed and his eyes were brilliant as he continued: "You are denying us, the Koreans, the privilege that you give to the Japanese and Chinese unless we acknowledge that we are subjects of the Mikado. Mr. Consul, I want you to read the treaty between America and Korea in which your government pledged its word to permit the Koreans who may visit the United States to reside and to rent premises, purchase land or to construct residences or warehouses in all parts of the country. They shall be freely permitted to pursue their various calling and avocations, and to traffic in all merchandise, raw and manufactured, that is not declared contraband by law. This treaty has never been abrogated by the parties who made it, but it ceases to function because a third party desires it. Is this just to us and consistent with the traditions of America? I appeal to your American sense of justice and I appeal to your love of liberty. Let me go and study in your colleges without making me violate my vow to live and die a Korean."

There was no sound in the room when Hansu's vibrant voice had ceased. The eyes of the American consul were moist, and he caressingly patted Hansu's arm for several minutes without speaking. Presently he cleared his throat and in a gentle voice said to him, "My boy, your splendid appeal has touched my heart, and I will take the matter up with Washington and see what can be done in your case. I will let you know if a favorable decision is received."

CHAPTER XII.

About a week after this interview Hansu had a caller at his lodging. The caller was an American sailor who told Hansu if he wanted to work on a ship sailing for America he could obtain a position as waiter. He eagerly accepted the offer and entered the employ of the Great Pacific Transportation Company as a waiter at the table of the cabin passengers. The second day the great steamer weighed anchor, and sailed from the murky yellow waters of the Woosung into the blue Pacific.

At the Captain's table Hansu was duly installed in his new work as assistant to the steward. The duties were simple and the treatment he received from the officers was very considerate. The Captain seemed to take a special interest in him and intimated to him that a gentleman in Shanghai had requested him to look after him during the voyage and help him to land in America. Hansu was grateful and resolved to repay the kindness of the captain and his unnamed friend in Shanghai by performing his assigned duties diligently and cheerfully.

In two days the boat reached the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan. For the first time Hansu saw the land of his enemy. The green hills, blue sky and sparkling water in the land-locked harbor appeared very picturesque. The next day the ship leisurely plowed the waters of the inland sea and made a stop at the harbor of Kobe. This city did not appear quite as beautiful as Nagasaki, but the scenery through the Shimonoseki Straits filled Hansu with delight.

Several passengers of various nationalities came aboard at Kobe. Hansu was busy assisting the steward at these stops. He helped to move the

baggage of the passengers into their cabins, and did several other tasks incidental to the work of taking on passengers. Hansu noticed that two women, wearing heavy veils, had boarded the vessel at Kobe, and the labels on their bags showed that they were from Seoul, Korea. He was delighted to see the name of his beloved country on their baggage and was curious to know who the owners were. But indulging in curiosity was not a part of his work, so he went about his business, with an occasional glance in the direction of the two veiled women. He finally came to the conclusion that they were tourists, and contented himself with the thought that he would be able to see them in the dining-room.

Disappointment was in store for Hansu as a hasty glance around the dining-room convinced him that the mysterious passengers were not present. Nor did they appear on deck the next day as the boat steadily plowed her way to Yokohama, the last stop in Japan. They stayed in Yokohama for nearly two days, but during that time he did not catch even a glimpse of the objects of his interest. When the boat left Yokohama and the owners of the baggage with the Seoul label did not put in an appearance, vague fears assailed Hansu, and he thought perhaps they were ill. Finally he managed to get enough courage to go to their cabin door, and after debating with himself for a few minutes, timidly knocked. He was immediately filled with fear that they would scold him for this bold intrusion.

The door opened and Hansu's polite inquiry remained unsaid, for standing before him was Marcella Jurng, and through the open doorway he saw Miss Norman sitting at a table. He could not find words to express his delight; all he could do was to stand there in wide-eyed surprise.

Miss Norman spoke first. "I am glad to see you safe and sound, Hansu, but tell me are we out of Yokohama harbor?"

"Oh, Miss Norman!" he exclaimed, tears of joy filling his eyes, "I can scarcely believe it is really you and that I am not dreaming. Oh, yes, we are rapidly leaving all traces of Yokohama behind us." He turned to Marcella, and continued, "I am glad to see that you have recovered from your injuries."

Her answer was a sweet smile, and a delicate blush suffused her face.

"I want to talk," said Miss Norman, "and since we are leaving Yokohama behind us, let us go up on the promenade deck where we can enjoy the fresh air."

The trio found a secluded spot near the bow of the ship, and Hansu brought chairs for them.

"Hansu," began Miss Norman, "why didn't you speak to us at Kobe when we boarded the ship?"

"I did not recognize you on account of your heavy veils. May I ask why you did not speak to me?"

"We were greatly surprised to see you," she continued, "but we were afraid to speak, fearing our recognition might harm you. The Japanese spies were watching us everywhere and if they knew we were acquainted they might suspect you and take you off the ship. For that reason we kept silent and avoided meeting you. But now," and she smiled happily, "they cannot touch you even if they wished. And poor Marcella is just breathing freely once more. Her sufferings from the wound and the shock were intense, and it was only through the careful and tender nursing of the American ladies that she recovered. It was through the influence of the wife of a Japanese official that I obtained a passport to bring her to America with me to study in a normal school for a year. And now Hansu, tell us what has happened to you since last we met."

Hansu briefly told them of his experiences from the time he had left them that terrible night in Seoul; his thrilling escape to Manchuria, his work among his countrymen in that country; and finally the offer of work as waiter on the vessel, through the kindness of an unknown American friend in Shanghai. Although Hansu suspected the identity of his friend, he did not divulge it to the two young women.

"And now I am extremely happy," he said concluding his story, "for I will realize my dream of studying in the great land of America, and I have again met my good friends."

"I will give you all the assistance I can to enter a good educational institution in America," promised Miss Norman, "and I hope that some day both you and Marcella will be able to return to your native land and help your own people."

Marcella seemed even paler than usual, and her dark eyes restlessly wandered over the waters of the blue Pacific to where it met the sky. She had nothing to say, but occasionally smiled and when the sufferings of her people were mentioned almost inaudible sighs escaped from her lips and the dark eyes were filled with pain.

"Miss Marcella," timidly asked Hansu, "what branch of study are you going to take up?"

"I want to study the best method of teaching children and also household economics," she replied. "If I can arrange it, I am also anxious to study singing. I always loved to play the piano, but I cannot do that any longer," and she looked down in her lap, where the long sleeve of her dress covered the mutilated arm.

There was no regret in her voice, no tears in her eyes for the lost hand. There was a proud look on her face as she glanced at the other two; she was glad she had been able to sacrifice something for her beloved land.

After that day Hansu often met his friends, and when the evening meal was over he had opportunities to talk to them on the deck. Once when he was hurrying toward their cabin for an evening chat, an elderly gentleman stopped him and asked, "Are you a Japanese?"

Hansu's eyes blazed as he vehemently answered "No!"

"What are you then?" said the gentleman, greatly surprised.

"I am a Korean," returned Hansu very proudly.

"Oh! excuse me young man," laughed the elderly gentleman, "I did not intend to hurt your feelings by that question. I was just curious because you do not act or speak like a Chinaman, yet you are too tall to be a Jap. I never saw a Korean before, so naturally I was somewhat puzzled. My name is Hugheston, president of the Northern University in America, and I would like to hear something about your country if you have a few minutes to spare."

Hansu eagerly told him all he knew about his country, its history, the present conditions under Japanese rule, the Independence Movement, the persecution of the Christians, the exclusion of American influence and trade in Korea, the Japanese encroachment of China and Siberia. Dr. Hugheston was intensely interested in all Hansu told him, and in the days that followed when he was not talking to Hansu he was reading all the books on the subject he could find in the ship's library.

One day Dr. Hugheston said to Hansu, "I feel that America owes Korea a moral as well as legal obligation to see that she is freed from the militaristic yoke of Japan. It will not only be redeeming our treaty obligations to Korea but in the end it will protect American interests and Christian civilization in Asia. I am too old to fight but I can help Korea by helping you to acquire an

education in my university. You can come to me as soon as you leave the company's employ."

Hansu was grateful beyond expression, and he simply murmured, "Thank you, Dr. Hugheston," but his heart spoke with those few words, and Dr. Hugheston left him a very happy man.

CHAPTER XIII.

After several days' sailing the ship reached Honolulu, and Hansu was one of the lucky ones to be granted shore leave. The tropical flowers in the trim gardens, the neat and attractive houses along the palm lined avenues, the queer costumes of the native women, and the varied sights excited Hansu's interest and filled him with delight. He found a large Korean colony in Honolulu and met several of his compatriots along the wharves and streets. It was a pleasure to meet the people with whom he could converse in his native tongue. He attended a Korean meeting in the Christian Institute where some three hundred Korean children were educated under the direction of Dr. Rhee, the founder of the school. Altogether Hansu had a very happy afternoon in Honolulu, and was glad that the Korean colony on that far away island was so rapidly assimilating American life. He bade farewell to his newly made friends and resumed his work on the ship during the last days of her journey toward the Golden Gate.

In one more day the boat would reach San Francisco. Hansu was standing on deck enjoying the beauty and glory of his last night at sea. The moon was just rising, filling the sky with light and making a shimmering silver pathway on the placid water. The air was gentle, and the peace and joy of life seemed to prevail everywhere. Farther down the deck chattering, laughing groups of passengers were seated, trustful that the great ship rapidly cutting her way through the almost motionless sea, would bring them safely to their destination.

Hansu was happy in anticipation of seeing on the morrow the land of which he had dreamed

so frequently. He was grateful to those Americans who had done so much to help and encourage him.

His meditations were interrupted by a sweet voice inquiring if the boat would reach San Francisco the next day. Hansu turned and saw Marcella standing beside him. In the soft light of the moon her pale face was as beautiful and delicate as a flower and the gentle breeze scarcely ruffled the blue black hair, combed low on her round, bare neck. She wore a plain little dress of some soft white material, the only ornament a small gold cross hanging on a narrow blue ribbon.

Hansu thrilled at the sight of her standing there in the moonlight, and her soft Southern accent was music to his ears.

"If all goes well," he replied his voice very low, "we will reach the Golden Gate by eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."

He was very happy to have her there, and wanted her to remain, but his tongue was suddenly dumb and he could find nothing more to say. She too gazed at the splendor of the night, and presently turned to go.

"I must say good-night now, and return to Miss Norman."

"No, no, do not go now, I have something to say to you," he blurted out and then stopped.

Marcella smiled in her slow, gentle way, and said, "It must be short and quick, because Miss Norman will worry if I am away much longer."

"I am afraid you will be angry if I tell you all that is in my thoughts," began Hansu very meekly.

"I do not get angry with people that do no wrong," answered Marcella, "and I am sure you have no wrong thoughts. Tell me what is in your mind."

Hansu was silent for a few minutes, then he reached over and took the girl's hand in his. "I realize that this is not the place nor the time to express such a thought as mine, but I want you to know before we go our separate ways tomorrow, that I admire your courage; I adore your patriotism; I honor your purity; I respect your Christian devotion and I love you. We both have important work before us, but when we have accomplished our tasks, if there is time left for other matters will you accept my humble but devoted love for yourself?"

Hansu could feel her fingers tremble in his hand, and he saw that she was shaken by her emotions. And when she raised her glorious eyes to his there was no mistaking their message, but her voice was firm as she gave her answer.

"Hansu, I will accept your love on one condition. If ever it should interfere with your sacred duty of freeing our native land, or with my plan of educating the people, we must sacrifice our happiness for the cause that is holier. With that understanding I pledge my love to you."

Hansu's cup of happiness was full to overflowing and his voice trembled when he said, "It is the custom in America to sign and seal all contracts, therefore, let us seal ours."

He held her face gently but firmly between his hands, and reverently kissed her trembling lips.

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